

# Jeffersonian Republican.

Richard Nugent, Editor.]

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson.

[and Publisher.

VOL. I.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1840.

No. 12.

## JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance.—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly,—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1/2 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.  
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## POETRY.

### THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

Some think it a hardship to work for their bread,  
Although for our good it was meant;  
But those who do not work, have no right to be fed.  
And the idle are never content.  
An honest employment brings pleasure and gain,  
And makes us our troubles forget;  
For those who work hard, have no time to complain,  
And 'tis better to labor than fret.  
And if we had riches, they could not procure,  
A happy and peaceable mind;  
Rich people have trouble as well as the poor,  
Although of a different kind.  
It signifies not what our stations have been,  
Nor whether we are little or great;  
For happiness lies in the temper within,  
And not in the outward estate.  
We only need labor, as hard as we can,  
For all that our bodies may need;  
Still doing our duty to God and to man,  
And we shall be happy indeed.

## SELECT TALE.

### The Wilson House, OR VILLAGE GOSSIP.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Concluded.

"Mark how plain a tale shall put you down,"—Shakespeare.  
"Now, ladies," said Mrs. Elliot, "you see the solution of the riddle." "But, who would have thought of old John Smith, the bricklayer?" said Mrs. Overlook. "And who could possibly suppose that the appointment was only to set a stove! And who could have guessed that Mr. Morrison was making sweatmeats." "All these things replied Mrs. Elliot, "we might have guessed easily, but that we have given ourselves a habit of attaching something of mystery to every thing connected with these strangers."

"But you must acknowledge," said Mrs. Overlook, "that there is something about them not easy to understand."

"By no means," replied Mrs. Elliot; "I have always found them perfectly comprehensible." "But as there is really considerable intimacy between you and Mrs. Morrison," said Miss Moonshine, "it is amazing that she has never yet related to you her story." "Why should she?" answered Mrs. Elliot. "There is, most likely, no story to tell. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison 'keep the even tenor of their way,' and most likely they have always done so. And it is not probable that they are fully aware of all the wonders that seem expected of them."

"But still it is very surprising," said the Widow Cumberly, "that Mrs. Morrison's Becky, fool as she, should mistake Judge Heythead coming to play chess, for old John Smith the bricklayer, come to set the stove." "Not at all," said Mrs. Elliot, "Judge Heythead certainly does not carry his profession in his looks, and he looks as much like a bricklayer as any thing else."

During the two succeeding days, the strictest scrutiny did not detect a man at Mrs. Morrison's door, except the butcher and baker. On the third day, there was a vague report that a painter had been seen going in; and as a young artist had lately arrived from the city, on a sketching tour, and had taken Thebes in his way along the banks of the river, it was at once supposed that Mrs. Morrison was getting her portrait painted by Mr. Carmine; and it was considered very astonishing that she should have it done in her husband's absence. Miss Moonshine concluded that Mr. Carmine was undoubtedly a former lover of Mrs. Morrison's and that the picture was intended for the artist himself to carry away with him. In the course of that day, half the ladies of Thebes walked past the Wilson House, that they might have a chance of seeing the artist coming in or going out; for as Mr. Carmine had announced that he should proceed on his tour at the close of the week, it was supposed that Mrs. Morrison must set both morning and afternoon, to enable him to finish the picture. Just as four couples of ladies were passing the door, out came Dick Putty, the house painter pots and all. The fair Thebans stopped short and looked at each other; and Miss Moonshine could not refrain from inquiring of Dick Putty what he had been doing at Mrs. Morrison's. He replied that "he had only

been painting the back porch," and passed on. Mr. Morrison came home the next day; and for a few weeks every thing went on quietly. At last, the whole community of Thebes was thrown into consternation by a rumor that Mrs. Morrison had attempted to poison her husband. Some asserted that she had put arsenic into his tea, and that having detected it in time, he had been heard to accuse her of it. Others affirmed that he had discovered lumps of verdigrise in a saucer of marmalade, which his wife had prepared. Some, however, averred that the marmalade was quince. A third version of the story, represented that, "to make assurance, doubly sure," Mrs. Morrison had employed both arsenic and verdigrise; and that her husband had drunk the tea and eaten the marmalade; and that the only reason why he was not dead, resulted from the promptitude with which he sent for Dr. Mix, who had immediately administered a successful antidote. This last account of the affair being the most absurd, was the most generally credited; notwithstanding that Dr. Mix declared that he had never been sent to attend Mr. Morrison on this or any other occasion. It was then hinted, (but very obscurely,) that the doctor must have been bribed to silence, as the Morrison's would naturally think it expedient to have the thing hushed up as soon as possible. But great surprise was excited when this inexplicable couple were seen walking together as amicably as usual. Nay, Mrs. Morrison had been heard to say to her husband, with consummate assurance,—"My dear, what can be the reason that the people are all running to their doors and windows!" as if it were possible she did not know that it was to see herself and Mr. Morrison pass; for now, of course, they were greater sights than ever. "The artfulness of some women is as awful as their wickedness," said the widow Cumberly. "She has doubtless persuaded her doating husband that she is entirely innocent of the attempt on his life. So much for old men marrying young wives! What can they expect but arsenic and verdigrise." Though many of the Thebans could not in their hearts give credit to the story, yet all professed belief, except Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, who steadily persisted in the opinion that, if not a base and unfounded fabrication, it was at least a gross misrepresentation of some simple fact. Mrs. Elliot at last traced the story to Miss Dullard, a lady who kept house for her father, a widower. Miss Dullard said she had heard it from her cook, who had heard it from Mrs. Morrison's maid Becky. "And of course," observed Miss Dullard, "the girl could have no motive for telling a falsehood, or raising a story without sufficient foundation. Mrs. Elliot tried to convince her that foolish and vulgar minded people (ladies as well as servants) frequently act and talk without any motive at all. The nine days wonder had not yet subsided, when Mrs. Elliot had occasion to employ one of the village mantua-makers, Miss Barford, who had been passing a week in the city, from whence she had just returned. This mantua-maker was a sensible and respectable woman, who had seen better days, and was treated with much consideration by all the best families of Thebes. While she was sewing with Mrs. Elliot, Miss Dullard came in to pay a visit, and walked familiarly up stairs. As Miss Dullard had been one of the first promulgators of the story, she thought it her duty to keep it up. Besides which, when she did get a new idea into her head (which was but seldom) she always pushed it as far as it would go. Miss Dullard, began, as usual, upon the still prevailing topic of Mrs. Morrison's attempt to poison her husband; asking Mrs. Elliot if she heard any thing further on the subject.

"Is it possible," exclaimed Miss Barford, "that Mrs. Morrison can be even suspected of such a thing. 'More than suspected, I can assure you," replied Miss Dullard, "for her Becky told my Debby, that she had heard Mr. Morrison accuse his wife of it, last Friday week, at their own tea-table. Why were have you been not to have heard of it! All Thebes is full of nothing else." I have been down in the city," replied Miss Barford, and I only came home last evening." "But was it on Friday week, do you say! I happened then to be at work at Mrs. Morrison's—I was at the tea table with them; and I can assure you all that passed was no more than this. Mrs. Morrison asked her husband if she should help him to some marmalade. He inquired if it had been made in a bell-metal kettle. She answered in the affirmative, adding that she had always been in the practice of using such a utensil for sweatmeats. 'It is time to leave it off then,' said Mr. Morrison. 'I saw the other day in a newspaper, an account of a whole family being poisoned by eating preserved plums, that had set all night in a bell-metal kettle. Therefore, I cannot bring myself to relish any of this marmalade: believing it to have a taint of verdigrise, and considering all such sweatmeats as slow poison.' 'And was that all!' asked Miss Dullard, looking disappointed. 'It was all that passed at the tea-table,' replied Miss Barford. 'But just then the girl Becky came in with a fresh plate of muffins,

and I suppose she only heard the latter part of the conversation. For after tea, when Mrs. Morrison took me into the garden to show me her autumn flowers, we heard Becky say to the cook, as we passed the kitchen windows—'Mary do you know that preserves are pison!'—'I don't know such thing,' replied the cook, 'nor you neither.'—'Yes indeed,' said Becky, 'I heard Mr. Morrison tell his wife so.' 'Her preserves may be,' said the cook, 'for she would not let me make them: though I guess I know how a great deal better than she. I dare she has done them bad enough, peach marmalade and all.' 'Well,' said Becky, 'I heard him tell her that there was verdigrise in them, and every body knows that's rank pison.' 'Then she must have put it in herself,' exclaimed the cook; 'I am sure the kettle was clean, for she made me scour it long enough before she began to use it.' 'We were much amused with this ridiculous dialogue,' continued Miss Barford, 'Mrs. Morrison said to me laughing—The advantage is true that listeners hear no good of themselves, so we will walk on and look at the flowers.' 'And now, ladies, I positively declare to you, that this is the whole story, and the simple truth. I thought nothing more about it, being well aware that servants are in the frequent practice of talking of their employers behind their backs in a manner they would not do before their faces; also they have a habit of saying on these occasions much more than they really think or believe.' 'Well,' resumed Miss Dullard, 'I can assure you that Becky came directly to my Debby, and informed her that she had heard Mr. Morrison say there was pison in the marmalade that was on the tea-table and that Mary, the cook, had told her she seen Mrs. Morrison herself put verdigrise into the preserving kettle.' 'And this said Mrs. Elliot, is a tolerable fair specimen of a lie.' That this outrageous piece of scandal had little or no foundation, I never doubted from the first. Now that Mrs. Barford has so well explained it, I hope every one will make a point of stopping its circulation and giving currency to the real fact."

We are sorry to say that very few of the

circulators set about contradicting the story with half the alacrity they had shown in spreading it. Not a single Theban taking the trouble (as in the former case) to go all over the village for the express purpose. Consequently a large majority remained, or pretended to remain in their first impression.

In the course of the week to the great astonishment of all Thebes, the Morrisons sent notes of invitations for a party. Notwithstanding that all Thebes had determined to drop the Morrisons, every body concluded to go to their party. Some alleged no other motive than to see how their host & hostess behaved after all that had passed. Others remained very justly that a party was a party. Mary thought that the Morrisons were about to leave Thebes, and that this entertainment was by way of farewell, and therefore their guests would have no farther occasion to countenance them. At all events every body went to the party except the Elliot's, who always declined large companies; and all were unusually punctual in going at the hour specified. The composure of Mr. Morrison, and the smiling affability of his wife excited much surprise.

There were whispers of "some people have the face for anything." And one lady who read French, and who had gone through Seigne's Letters, spoke of Madame Brinvilliers's famous empoisoness. "Well I must say," whispered Miss Moonshine, "that Mrs. Morrison does not look at all like a person that would be guilty of such a crime. It seems to me that murderers must always be very tall women, with aquiline noses, heavy brows, and a curl of the upper lip. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison exerted themselves to entertain their guests, none of whom seemed exactly (one nature) being somewhat embarrassed by the consciousness of what they had said about their host & hostess. The refreshments were abundant and excellent: and the ladies of Thebes began to think it scarcely possible that one who provided such delicious creams and jellies, could have even thought of poisoning her husband. Gradually their belief came to be decidedly shaken, particularly when some very fine stewed terrapin was handed round.

At length the evening drew to a close, and there were symptoms of the party breaking up when Mr Morrison exchanging looks with his wife, requested the company to remain a little longer as he had a few words to say to them. This information produced a sort of dismay in the audience, who all had a misgiving of something that they would not like to hear, some glanced towards the door, some surveyed the carpet, some slipped behind others, and all looked queer.

Ladies and gentlemen—but ladies most particularly—said Mr. Morrison, advancing into the middle of the room. "I beg your pardon for having kept you so long in suspense as to the history of myself and wife. I now see the wisdom of the plan of Dr. Franklin, who, on stopping at a village tavern, called round him all its inmates, and at once anticipated their curiosity, by informing him who and what he was. In

humble imitation of, that true and great man I now take occasion to tell you, that my name is Barclay Morrison, and that I was born in the city of New York on the 20th of April, 1790, which makes my present age forty-two, this is my wife Maria Morrison, born in Hartford, Connecticut on the 15th of June, 1803, which makes her present age twenty-seven her maiden name was Simmons. Her family lived in New York when I first became acquainted with her. We had a regular courtship, were publicly married with the consent of all our relatives in St. Paul's Church, on the 12th September 1824; therefore we have been man and wife for about six years. We had each a father and mother and we have also like most other people, brothers and sisters, aunts, uncles and cousins,—but we never had any children. Having made some money in business (as an importer of British goods) I concluded to retire from the bustle of a city life, and try the experiment of living in a quiet village, therefore I rented the Wilson house for a year: it being highly recommended to me by the owner, with whom I have long been acquainted, in this way Mrs. Morrison and myself have become residents of Thebes. My wife has nothing very remarkable about her neither have I. She cultivates flowers, reads novels, works muslins, plays on the guitar, superintends her household affairs, and occasionally makes confectionary. I read travels, biographies, reviews, and newspapers, go shooting, play chess and walk and ride with my wife. "To sum up all in a few words—we are no particular sort of people, as the town of Thebes might have discovered long ago. And lastly I think it a duty I owe to Mrs. Morrison, that we have sent to the city for a nest of enameled or porcelain kettles of various sizes; and therefore we are done with bell-metal and verdigrise forever. Having exactly explained our present position, I conclude that we may now be allowed to amalgamate quietly with the rest of our town people, and I promise to let you know when anything extraordinary happens to us. The guests now looked remarkably foolish, and were much at a loss how to proceed, some tried to laugh and some attempted to apologize. But the Morrisons insisted on dispensing a general amnesty, and passing an act of oblivion on all that had been said and done. Being now impatient to get away the whole company took leave simultaneously; and on this evening there was no reason to apprehend, that any of them like Romeo and Juliet would say "good night until it was to-morrow."

For some time after this lesson the ladies of Thebes became amazingly cautious in talking of strangers, and observed great decorum in prying into their concerns; and they became so careful of believing reports that they even doubted the newspapers.

They were particularly on their guard respecting Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, who the following spring, removed to a villa they purchased within a few miles of the city of New-York.

Still it appeared with regard to the towns-women of Thebes, they had "scotched the snake and not killed it,"—for it revived again in full vigor, early the ensuing summer when the Wilson house was found to be occupied by five single gentlemen.

(BY REQUEST.)

## THE REVIVAL IN KENTUCKY IN 1801.

Concluded.

The length of time the people continued on the ground was another important circumstance of the Kentucky revival. At Cane Ridge, the people met on Friday morning, and continued till Wednesday evening, night and day without intermission, either in public or private exercises of devotion; and with such a degree of earnestness, that heavy showers of rain were not sufficient to disperse them. On other sacramental occasions, they generally continued on the ground till Monday or Tuesday evening. And had not the ministers been exhausted and obliged to retire or had they chosen to prolong worship they might have kept the people any length of time they pleased. And all this was or might have been done in a country, where, not a twelve-month before, the clergy found it a difficult matter to detain the people during the common exercises of the Sabbath. The practice of camping on the ground was introduced, partly by necessity, and partly by inclination. The assemblies were generally too large to be received by any common neighborhood. Everything indeed was done which hospitality and brotherly kindness could do, to accommodate the people. Public and private houses were both opened, and free invitations were given to all those who wished to retire. Farmers gave up their meadows before they were mown, to supply the horses. But notwithstanding all this liberality, it would in many cases have been impossible to have accommodated the whole assembly with private lodging. But besides, the people were unwilling to suffer any interruption in their devotion, and they formed an attachment for the place, where they were continually seeing so many careless sinners receiving their first impressions, and so many deists constrained to call on their former-

ly despised name of Jesus. They conceived a sentiment like that what Jacob felt at Bethel, when he said "surely the Lord is in this place—this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

The number of persons who have fallen down under serious impressions in this revival, is another matter worthy of attention. And on this I shall be more particular, as it seems to be the principal cause, why this work should not be more unsuspected of enthusiasm than some other revivals. At Cane Ridge sacrament (the place mentioned above) it is generally supposed that not less than one thousand persons fell prostrate on the ground, and among them were many infidels. At one sacrament which I attended in that country, the number that fell was thought to be upwards of three hundred. Persons who fell are generally such as have manifested symptoms of the deepest impressions for sometime previous to that event. It is common to see them shed tears for about an hour. Immediately before they become totally powerless, they are seized with a general tremor; and sometimes though not frequently, in the moment of falling they utter one or two piercing shrieks. Persons in this state are affected in many different degrees. Sometimes when unable to stand or sit they have the use of their hands, and can converse with perfect composure. In other cases they are unable to speak—their pulse grows weak, and they draw a hard breath about once a minute. And in some instances their hands and feet become cold, & their pulse, and breath, and all the symptoms of life seem to forsake them for nearly an hour. Persons who have been in this situation have uniformly avowed that they suffered no bodily pain, & that they had the entire command of their reason & reflection; and when recovered they could relate everything which was said or done near them, or which could possibly fall within their observation. From this it appears their falling is neither common fainting or their nervous affection. Indeed this strange phenomenon appears to have taken every turn, it possibly could to baffle the conjectures of those who are not willing to consider the supernatural work. Persons have sometimes fallen on their way home from public worship, and sometimes after their arrival. In some cases they have fallen when pursuing their common business or on their farms, or when they had retired for private devotion. I observed above that persons generally seriously affected for some time previous to falling. In many cases however it is otherwise. Numbers of careless persons have fallen as suddenly as if struck with a flash of lightning. Many professed infidels and other vicious characters have been arrested in this way; and sometimes at the very moment when they were uttering their blasphemies against the work.

At the beginning of the revival in Shelby county, the appearances, as related by an eye-witness, were very surprising indeed. The revival had previously spread with irresistible power through the adjacent counties; and many of the religious people had attended distant sacraments, and were greatly benefited. They were much engaged, and felt unusual freedom in their addresses at the throne of grace, for the outpouring of the divine spirit at the approaching sacrament in Shelby. The sacrament came on in September. The people as usual, met on Friday; but they were all languid, and the exercises went on heavily. On Saturday and Sunday morning, it was no better. At length the communion service commenced, and everything was still lifeless. The minister of the place was speaking at one of the tables, without any unusual liberty. All at once there were several shrieks from different parts of the assembly. Persons fell instantly in every direction. The feelings of the pious were suddenly revived; and the work went on with extraordinary power from that time to the conclusion of the solemnity.

These phenomena of falling are common to all ages and sexes, and to all sorts of characters; and when they fall they are differently exercised. Some pious people have fallen under a sense of ingratitude and hardness of heart and others under the goodness of God. Many careless persons have fallen under legal convictions, and obtained comfort before they arose. But perhaps the most numerous class of all, are those who fall under distressing views of their guilt, who arise with the same fearful apprehensions, and continue in that state for some days, perhaps for weeks before they obtain comfort. I have conversed with many who fell under the influence of comfortable feelings; and the account which they gave of their exercises, while they lay entranced was very surprising. I know not how to give you a better idea of them, than by saying they appeared in many cases to surpass the dying exercises of Dr. Finly. Their minds appeared wholly swallowed up in contemplating the effects of the Deity as illustrated in the plan of

"This it is thought, was the origin of camp-meetings in America,—now so extensively in use among Methodist Christians, and also among the Old Presbyterians and Cumberland Presbyterians in the Western country. E. P. H.